

SPORT NEWS

EL PASO IN SAME FIX AS REST OF LEAGUE TOWNS

Owes Players' Salaries and McCloskey Is Having Hard Job Getting the Money to Square Up.

Now that the dust of the Rio Grande blow-up has settled it is becoming plain that Albuquerque wasn't hit worse off than any other city in the league and has come as close as any of them to settling up salary accounts. It was known in a general way that Tucson and Phoenix weren't any stronger financially than Albuquerque, but El Paso was thought to be on a substantial financial base. It soon became a matter of certainty that the Arizona cities were as strapped as the Duke City, but El Paso went on talking blithely of a reorganization next year, quite as if it hadn't had any trouble going through with this year's affair.

The following, taken from the El Paso Herald of yesterday, lets the cat out of the bag. The Pass City is threatening to default on salaries.

"John J. McCloskey has no small job to raise the funds necessary to pay off the salary debts of the club. As an instance of what McCloskey is bumping into it may be mentioned that one El Paso concern subscribed \$150 of stock some time ago. That concern was in a line of business which enabled it to get a fair amount of business from the club. Their account was paid up by McCloskey twenty and the other day he went around and tried to get a subscription for \$25 toward the back salaries. Did he get it? Not so you'd notice. However, the fans, as a rule, are being pretty loyal and the debts are gradually being paid off."

The Albuquerque club owes only about \$200 in salaries to its players. The break-up didn't leave them stranded, because they went to El Paso on a percentage basis, with the understanding that the league would wind up, and they each got about \$30 for the week's trip in the Pass City. During the season the El Paso papers insisted that the Pass City fans were turning out in large numbers than here. Albuquerque was referred to as "a disappointment" in the way of attendance, the implication being that the crowds were much smaller than those in El Paso. Jack Hines, catcher of the Pass City team, was one of several observers who said that the average attendance here was just as large as that in El Paso. Roy McDonald says that he knows the attendance at El Paso was no better than here.

All of this means merely what was said by Albuquerque, Phoenix and Tucson papers just as soon as the league suspension justified frank recognition of condition. The circuit was not up to the support of any such league and cannot be expected to support one for years. Talk of reorganization of the Rio Grande next spring is idle.

Big League Standings

NATIONAL LEAGUE			
	Won.	Lost.	Pct.
Philadelphia	41	35	.544
Chicago	42	35	.544
Brooklyn	40	36	.526
St. Louis	40	36	.526
Pittsburgh	38	38	.500
New York	38	38	.500
Cincinnati	32	39	.451
Boston	34	43	.442
AMERICAN LEAGUE			
	Won.	Lost.	Pct.
Chicago	51	29	.638
Boston	48	32	.600
St. Louis	40	39	.506
Washington	36	41	.468
St. Louis	31	46	.403
Philadelphia	29	48	.377
Cleveland	28	49	.364
FEDERAL LEAGUE			
	Won.	Lost.	Pct.
Kansas City	45	29	.608
Chicago	47	33	.587
St. Louis	42	38	.526
Pittsburgh	41	39	.513
Newark	42	38	.525
Brooklyn	36	45	.444
Buffalo	35	45	.438
Baltimore	29	50	.367

Let the Herald want as do you want.

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A Galley o' Fun!

LIKE BALL-GAMES. Tommy—What yer going to Sunday school for all the time? Tain't no use.

Willie—Huh! I'm going to get a good place in the line to Heaven, and maybe I can sell it to somebody.

WHEN WOMEN VOTE. Mere Man—What are those little statues in front of the ballot boxes? Foll Clerk—Those are reproductions of the various candidates. A woman couldn't think of ordering anything, except from a pattern, you know.

BEEN LOOKING FOR HIM. Stranger—Officer, I'm—hic—an Elk, an Eagle, a Buffalo, and an Owl. Officer—I want you! I'm a Barnum, a Forepaugh and a Sells.

THE OFFICIAL STRAP-HOLDER. When mother was a little girl, so young she wore her hair in curl. It happened that one Saturday morn', East Sunday morn', his face a shaver; And when he had his father made, And then prepared to whet his blade, He put the tools in Mother's lap, And let her hold the strap.

As years went by, it may seem strange, But Mother never seemed to change; And when my sister was at play, And I would take her doll away, Or put a can on pussy's head, Ma would invite me to the shed; And then I knew I'd get a rap, For Mother held the strap.

HE SAW DAD. Willie—Great Scott, man! You don't mean to say you can't do anything with that son-of-a-bitch who is reported to be doing such awful carrying at college?

Gillis (sadly)—I haven't the heart to say a word. You see, I was (and I'm) enough to take him with me in the national convention of my lodge last summer.

DELICATESSEN ITEM.



Figs' feet to-day!

NEIGHBORLY INFERENCE. Stranger (to Mrs. Rooney)—What beautiful children you have, ma'am! Mrs. Hogan (from the floor above)—Phat's that slob sellin', Mrs. Rooney?

NEVER. Cashier—But you must be identified. Isn't there someone here in the bank who knows you?

Mr. Jaggs—'Course not. 'Spose I'd come in here drunk if there was?

THE ESSENCE OF LUXURY. "Yes, I welcome the era of high prices—one may live so much more luxuriously."

"Just how do you make that out?" "Why, there are so many more things that one cannot afford."

A GLEAM OF HOPE. "I hear that Hitler's daughter eloped with his chauffeur."

"Yes, and Hitler wired his forgiveness."

"What did he do that for?" "He said he thought now there might be a chance for him to use his car."

ALWAYS. The Cop—Which of these houses do you live in?

Mr. Jaggs—Take me all along the street, I mean try every door, and the only one I can't open is mine.

Mrs. Flint (severely)—Do you ever drink intoxicants? Soiled Spooner (at the door)—Before replyin', maddin, permit me to ask if dat is an invitation or merely an inquiry?

HISTRIONIC. "By some she is considered the leading emotional actress of the day."

"And she has never married, you say?" "A little, I believe—in the amateur way."

"The Girl on the Engine"



SCENE FROM "THE GIRL ON THE ENGINE"

Roadmaster Lendon of the G. G. and L. laughed as he regarded Helen's face. "Now, little one," he mocked, "Don't worry your head further about our crossing the Salt Lake's tracks. In about an hour the job will be finished, and it will be a long, long time before your people will be able to tear them up."

Without a word, Helen turned and dashed toward the station. Lendon's laughter followed her. "If you're thinking of wiring a warning to headquarters," he said, "here's some information that will save you time and trouble—the wires were cut five minutes ago!"

If ever Helen needed all her wit now was the time! Without pausing to answer the G. G. and L.'s roadmaster, the girl walked toward her office, her mind busily revolving various plans which suggested themselves to her.

Here was the situation which had arisen. The G. G. and L. was constructing a line between Rockwood and Notter. If the Salt Lake's tracks could be crossed at Lone Point it would mean a saving of at least forty miles between these points. The one other way meant circling around toward Kildan and the climbing of several steep grades.

The rivalry between the G. G. and L.

SEAMLESS TAPESTRY RUGS, SOLD AT \$17.50, NOW \$15.00, AT FARE'S BANKRUPT SALE, 213-215 W. GOLD AVE.

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PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

is such good tobacco you feel like you could just eat the smoke!

Yes, sir, P. A. puts a razor edge on your smoke-appetite—division that's nobby enough to be photographed! No other pipe and cigarette tobacco can be like Prince Albert, because no other tobacco can be made like Prince Albert. The patented process fixes that—and removes the tongue-bite and throat parch! Let that digest!



The tippy red bag, 5c

For you can put your little old blue-pencil O. K. right here that Prince Albert is a regular double-header for a single admission—as joy'us to your tongue and taste one way as the other!

Will the "rollers" kindly step forward for a spell and get some of this listen into their systems? Because Prince Albert certain and sure jams more joy into a makin's paper than ever before was figured up on two hands!

In the plain language of the hills, you can't any more resist such makin's tobacco than a bullfinch can pass up a piece of red flannel! Because P. A. hands to you everything any cigarette roller ever dreamed-out—rare flavor, and aroma, and mildness, and body; absolutely the best bet—the best smoke

you or any other man ever did roll and put the fire to! Men, we tell you to wise up.

P. A. is crimp cut and stays put—which means rolling P. A. is as easy as falling off a log. And it's good to remember P. A. is put up in the tippy red bag especially for you "rollers." Sells for the price of a jitney ride, 5c.

Now, will the "pipers" kindly open both ears? Here's tobacco that has made it possible for three men to smoke pipes where one smoked before!

Any way you hook it up, Prince Albert is tobacco insurance! Yes, sir, it guarantees your future as well as your present smokings! And just makes your tongue so jimmy pipe joy'us that your smoke appetite grows whopping big. You men who "dassn't," we say you go to P. A., natural-like! Because there isn't a bite in a barrel of this national joy smoke.

Unlimber your old jimmy pipe! Dig it out of the dark corner, jam it brimful of P. A. And make fire with a match! Me-o-my!



You get acquainted with Prince Albert in the tippy red bag, 5c; or tippy red tin, 10c, but for the double-buck action-joy, you buy a crystal-glass pound humidor. And then you're set! You see, it has the sponge-moistener top and keeps P. A. at the highest top-notch point of perfection. Prince Albert is also sold in pound and half-pound tin humidors.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N. C.

The tidy red tin, 10c